No. 9.

BY B. B. McGEE.

WRITTEN IN THE SURGICAL INSTITUTE, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

O, how that girl does put on airs,
  That dresses up so fine,
And lumbers up and down the stairs,
  She wears a No. 9.

And when the boys meet her stare,
  They hide their faces so;
She sniggers: "Well, I do declare,
  I've caught another beau."

She wears a chignon on her head,
  And combs her hair so nice,
She thinks 'twill kill the boys dead,
  But boys don't die twice.

And when she lumbers down the stairs,
  The boys all repine,
And whisper: "Don't she put on airs?
  We pity No. 9."

And when she lumbers down the street,
  As oft she does, I hear,
She's asking every one she meets,
  To "stand the lager beer."

And when she stays out late at night,
  In search of a recruit,
She pulls the bell-rope like a fright,
  To wake the Institute.

Then to her room she lumbering goes,
  In dreamland to recline,
And rest her aching corns and toes,
  Despite of No. 9.

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